

My Wife is slipperie? If thou wilt confesse,  
Or else be impudently negative,  
To haue nor Eyes, nor Eares, nor Thought, then say  
My Wife's a Holy-Horse, deferues a Name  
As ranke as any Flax-Wench, that puts to  
Before her troth-plight: say't, and iustify't.

*Cam.* I would not be a slander-by, to heare  
My Soueraigne Mistresse clouded so, without  
My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,  
You neuer spoke what did become you lesse  
Then this; which to reiterate, were sin  
As deepe as that, though true.

*Leo.* Is whispering nothing?  
Is leaning Cheeke to Cheeke? is meating Noses?  
Kissing with in-side Lip? stopping the Cariere  
Of Laughter, with a sigh? (a Note infallible  
Of breaking Honestie) horsing foot on foot?  
Skulking in corners? wishing Clocks more swift?  
Houres, Minutes? Noone, Mid-night? and all Eyes  
Blind with the Pin and Web, but theirs; theirs onely,  
That would vnseene be wicked? Is this nothing?  
Why then the World, and all that's in't, is nothing,  
The couering Skie is nothing, *Bohemia* nothing,  
My Wife is nothing, nor Nothing haue these Nothings,  
If this be nothing.

*Cam.* Good my Lord, be cur'd  
Of this diseas'd Opinion, and betimes,  
For 'tis most dangerous.

*Leo.* Say it be, 'tis true.

*Cam.* No, no, my Lord.

*Leo.* It is: you lye, you lye:

I say thou lye'st *Camillo*, and I hate thee,  
Pronounce thee a grosse Lout, a mindlesse Slaue,  
Or else a howering Temporizer, that  
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and euill,  
Inclining to them both: were my Wiues Liner  
Infected (as her life) she would not liue  
The running of one Glasse.

*Cam.* Who do's infect her?

*Leo.* Why he that weares her like her Medull, hanging  
About his neck (*Bohemia*) who, if I  
Had Seruants true about me, that bare eyes  
To see alike mine Honor, as their Profits,  
(Their owne particular Thrifts) they would doe that  
Which should vndoe more doing: I, and thou  
His Cup-bearer, whom I from meaner forme  
Haue Bench'd, and rear'd to Worship, who may'st see  
Plainely, as Heauen sees Earth and Earth sees Heauen,  
How I am gall'd, might'st be-spice a Cup,  
To giue mine Enemy a lasting Winke:  
Which Draught to me, were cordiall.

*Cam.* Sir (my Lord)

I could doe this, and that with no rash Potion,  
But with a lingring Dram, that should not worke  
Maliciously, like Poyson: But I cannot  
Beleeue this Crack to be in my dread Mistresse  
(So soueraignely being Honorable.)  
I haue lou'd thee,

*Leo.* Make that thy question, and goe rot:  
Do'st thinke I am so muddy, so vnstedd,  
To appoint my selfe in this vexation?  
Sully the puritie and whitenesse of my Sheetes  
(Which to preferue, is Sleepe; which being spotted,  
Is Goades, Thornes, Nettles, Tayles of Waspes)  
Giue scandall to the blood o' th' Prince, my Sonne,  
(Who I doe thinke is mine, and loue as mine)

Without ripe mouing to't? Would I doe this?  
Could man so blench?

*Cam.* I must beleeue you (Sir)

I doe, and will fetch off *Bohemia* for't:  
Provided, that when hee's remou'd, your Highnesse  
Will take againe your Queene, as yours at first,  
Euen for your Sonnes sake, and thereby for sealing  
The Iniurie of Tongues, in Courts and Kingdomes  
Knowne, and ally'd to yours.

*Leo.* Thou do'st aduise me,  
Euen so as I mine owne course haue set downe:  
Ile giue no blemish to her Honor, none.

*Cam.* My Lord,  
Goe then; and with a countenance as cleare  
As Friendship weares at Feasts, keepe with *Bohemia*,  
And with your Queene: I am his Cup-bearer,  
If from me he haue wholesome Beueridge,  
Account me not your Seruant.

*Leo.* This is all:  
Do't, and thou hast the one halfe of my heart;  
Do't not, thou split'st thine owne.

*Cam.* Ile do't, my Lord.

*Leo.* I wil seeme friendly, as thou hast aduis'd me. *Exit*

*Cam.* O miserable Lady. But for me,  
What case stand I in? I must be the poysoner  
Of good *Polyxenes*, and my ground to do't,  
Is the obedience to a Master; one,  
Who in Rebellion with himselfe, will haue  
All that are his, so too. To doe this deed,  
Promotion followes: If I could find example  
Of thousand's that had struck anoynted Kings,  
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: But since  
Nor Brasse, nor Stone, nor Parchment beares not one,  
Let Villanie it selfe forswear't. I must  
Forsake the Court: to do't, or no, is certaine  
To me a breake-neck. Happy Starre raigne now,  
Here comes *Bohemia*. *Enter Polyxenes.*

*Pol.* This is strange: Me thinkes  
My fauor here begins to warpe. Not speake?  
Good day *Camillo*.

*Cam.* Hayle most Royall Sir.

*Pol.* What is the Newes i'th' Court?

*Cam.* None rare (my Lord.)

*Pol.* The King hath on him such a countenance,  
As he had lost some Prouince, and a Region  
Lou'd, as he loues himselfe: euen now I met him  
With custumarie complement, when hee  
Wasting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling  
A Lippe of much contempt, speedes from me, and  
So leaues me, to consider what is breeding,  
That changes thus his Manners.

*Cam.* I dare not know (my Lord.)

*Pol.* How, dare not? doe not? doe you know, and dare not?  
Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabouts:

For to your selfe, what you doe know, you must,  
And cannot say, you dare not. Good *Camillo*,  
Your chang'd complexions are to me a Mirror,  
Which shewes me mine chang'd too: for I must be  
A partie in this alteration, finding  
My selfe thus alter'd with't.

*Cam.* There is a sicknesse  
Which puts some of vs in distemper, but  
I cannot name the Disease, and it is caught  
Of you, that yet are well.

*Pol.* How caught of me?

Make me not lighted like the Basilisque.

I haue look'd on thousands, who haue sped the better  
By my regard, but kill'd none so: *Camillo*,  
As you are certainly a Gentleman, thereto  
Clerke-like experienc'd, which no lesse adorne  
Our Gentry, then our Parents Noble Names,  
In whose successe we are gentle: I beseech you,  
If you know ought which do's behoue my knowledge,  
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't nor  
In ignorant concealment.

*Cam.* I may not answer.

*Pol.* A Sicknesse caught of me, and yet I well?  
I must be answer'd. Do'st thou heare *Camillo*,  
I coniure thee, by all the parts of man,  
Which Honor do's acknowledge, whereof the least  
Is not this Suit of mine, that thou declare  
What incidencie thou do'st ghesse of harme  
Is creeping toward me; how farre off, how neere,  
Which way to be preuented, if to be:  
If not, how best to beare it.

*Cam.* Sir, I will tell you,  
Since I am charg'd in Honor, and by him  
That I thinke Honorable; therefore marke my counsaile,  
Which must be eu'n as swiftly followed, as  
I meane to utter it; or both your selfe, and me,  
Cry lost, and so good night.

*Pol.* On, good *Camillo*.

*Cam.* I am appointed him to murder you.

*Pol.* By whom, *Camillo*?

*Cam.* By the King.

*Pol.* For what?

*Cam.* He thinkes, nay with all confidence he sweares,  
As he had sent't, or beene an Instrument  
To vice you to't, that you haue toucht his Queene  
Forbiddenly.

*Pol.* Oh then, my best blood turne  
To an infected Gelly, and my Name  
Be yolk'd with his, that did betray the Best:  
Turne then my freshest Reputation to  
A fauour, that may strike the dullest Nostrill  
Where I arrive, and my approach be shun'd,  
Nay hated too, worse then the great'st Infection  
That ere was heard, or read.

*Cam.* Swear his thought ouer  
By each particular Starre in Heauen, and  
By all their Influences; you may as well  
Forbid the Sea for to obey the Moone,  
As (or by Oath) remoue, or (Counsaile) shake  
The Fabrick of his Folly, whose foundation  
Is pyll'd vpon his Faith, and will continue  
The standing of his Body.

*Pol.* How should this grow?

*Cam.* I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to  
Auid what's growne, then question how 'tis borne.  
If therefore you dare trust my honestie,  
That lyes enclosed in this Trunke, which you  
Shall beare along impawnd, away to Night,  
Your Followers I will whisper to the Businesse,  
And will by twos, and threes, at severall Posternes,  
Clear them o' th' Citie: For my selfe, Ile put  
My fortunes to your seruice (which are here  
By this discouerie lost.) Be not vncertaine,  
For by the honor of my Parents; I  
Haue vttered Truth: which if you seeke to proue,  
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer,  
Then one condemn'd by the Kings owne mouth:  
Thereon his Execution sworne.

*Pol.* I doe beleeue thee:  
I saw his heart in's face. Giue me  
Be Pilot to me, and thy places  
Still neighbour mine. My Ships  
My people did expect my henc  
Two dayes agoe. This Icalou  
Is for a precious Creature: as fl  
Must it be great; and, as his Per  
Must it be violent: and, as he do  
He is dishonor'd by a man, whic  
Profess'd to him: why his Reue  
In that be made more bitter. Fe  
Good Expedition be my friend  
The gracious Queene, part of h  
Of his ill-ta'ne suspition. Con  
I will respect thee as a Father, if  
Thou bear'st my life off, hence:  
*Cam.* It is in mine authoriti  
The Keyes of all the Posternes:  
To take the virgint houre. *Con*

## Actus Secundus.

*Enter Hermione, Mamillius,  
Antigonus, L.*

*Her.* Take the Boy to you:  
'Tis past enduring.

*Lady.* Come (my gracious L  
Shall I be your play-fellow?

*Mam.* No, Ile none of you.

*Lady.* Why (my sweet Lord

*Mam.* You'll kisse me hard,

I were a Baby still. I loue you

*Lady.* And why so (my L

*Mam.* Not for becaufe

Your Browes are blacker (yet b

Become some Women best, fo

Too much haire there, but in a

Or a halfe-Moone, made with a

*Lady.* Who taught 'this?

*Mam.* I learn'd it out of W

What colour are your eye-bro

*Lady.* Blew (my Lord.)

*Mam.* Nay, that's a mock: I

That ha's beene blew, but not I

*Lady.* Harke ye,

The Queene (your Mother) rou

Present our seruices to a fine ne

One of these dayes, and then y

If we would haue you.

*Lady.* She is spread of lat

Into a goodly Bulke (good tim

*Her.* What wisdom stirs am

I am for you againe: 'Pray you

And tell's a Tale.

*Mam.* Merry, or sad, shall't

*Her.* As merry as you will.

*Mam.* A sad Tale's best for

I haue one of Sprights, and G

*Her.* Let's haue that (goo

Come-on, sit downe, come-on

To fright me with your Sprigh